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13th Meaning

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Editor's Note:

Elthir-Five has existed since 1965. It has weathered five volumes as *Elthir*, but in the publication from year to year it has lost its original identity. The magazine was named *Elthir-Five* because a bell used to ring at 11:35 when the college was on an hourly scheduling of classes. In 1966 classes began on the half hour with most (though not all) of the clocks ringing at the correct time. The number of students who knew this before reading it here are few.

A literary magazine, as any other magazine, goes through trends from one year to the next, from one issue to the next. *13th Meaning*, a title which arose during a literary club meeting, was decided upon by the editors. It is general and has depth. Yearly trends will not change it as they did *Elthir-Five*. It has no holds on the past and only has a future. We hope that this issue will be an enjoyable one for those who have followed its publication and for those who are reading it for the first time.

Deborah Steinmetz '70
Mary Haggard '70

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Instance

many years ago, a boy with proportioned
and limited wit
prince darling of the microcosm
traveling a road clear bright
the black and white vision of then
gives me a headache no matter
so the chance for change came
at a concert hall
squenched in my seat
sweaty-palmed because
i held her hand for hours aching
because of sitting for hours
shifting positions on a schedule
closed my mind only feeling the sound
as it passed through my hair
a little brown-gray man
next to me
hat and overcoat lapfolded
was praying with such intensity
scared sweat
trickled down temples
erasing,
but not forgiving.

—John Seagrave '69

THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE PROVERBIAL ENDS BY THE PROVERBIAL MEANS

Tenure is the thing for you
It helps in all the things you do,
And if you keep it for so long,
You'll find that you can do no wrong.

—Mary Haggar '70

Love

*Gone, gone, lost, forsaken; a chaff lost in the wind,
A desire smothered in greying fog of forgetfulness
One condemned hoping, praying, dreaming, then
Losing hope, desolate, without faith
Its own bare breath one of agony,
A foolish surrogate for death,
A poor placebo for life
Yet still existing—
Love.*

—Richard Rogers '72

brown eyes, steady, unflinching
set their gaze on mine—
searching for an answer I do not have;
brown eyes are patient—
disentangling their gaze
from my gaze—
trying to brighten and talk of other things.
other things don't take problems away,
but diversion is needed
for both pairs of brown eyes.

—Deborah Steinmetz '70

Haze

Within a black motherless emptiness
Caught in an unknown labyrinth of web
Uniting the truth of all my questions
Flowing movement is trapped and stagnant
Surrounded by the thought . . .
Forever will my dreams have their life.

—Nancy Mokrzecki '70

Untitled Advice

DANCE

to the highest joys
leap
just to feel your body
leave earth dance
 through clouds

SING

to feel the exhilaration
of power
shout
to hear the great noise
from your lungs
feel your voice
 vibrate your world

CRY

to all gods of sorrow
curse until weariness
 conquers you
sob until no more tears come
then ask me about death.

—John Seagrave '69

Wondering Rain

Wondering rain
sliding down
gutters to
get where ever
it goes and
it always does
Inquisitive pane
clear solid
silicon
to keep out wind
and wet
to keep us dry
Dark little room
cold and damp
outside
warm softness and inside
slide over
watch and wonder
at rain.

THE SAGA OF THE BEAR

Long ago and far away, there lived a large black bear who had been stimulated to the brink of a nervous breakdown. Acting upon the advice of his doctor, the bear began to sublimate his rather unimaginative pedestrian little annoyances by working them out at the gym. Soon the bear settled into an orderly routine of physical exertion in order to achieve a calm and balanced exposition of his blunderings and gropings. As renewed vigor and self confidence filled the empty spaces of his psyche, the changes brought about by the bear's vigorous adherence to this new discipline were, in essence, cataclysmic. For at the end of the day the bear would burst into his house like a comet, toss his children high into the air, chase his wife into dark corners and Indian wrestle with his mother-in-law, thus terrifying his children, vexing his wife, and causing his mother-in-law to mutter darkly. In short, the bear's readjustment to reality was catapulting his family over the edge to a nervous collapse. His children were puzzled and overwhelmed by their father's behavior, his wife grew thin and cried easily, and his mother-in-law began to sing hymns for deliverance.

At length, informed of the trauma his behavioral state inflicted upon his family, the bear agreed to find some other means of adjustment. This situation rapidly deteriorated into a seemingly unending search for the bear, and his existence once again became a series of anxieties and compromises. And so the bear settled into a routine of languorous somnolence that remained inviolable, and the longer the bear pondered upon the monotonous uniformity of his life, the more depressed he became. One night on his way home, the bear decided to stop at a bar and have a drink. After exactly three drinks the bear went home feeling a little better. Well, one thing led to another and soon the bear was spending all of his time in the bar drinking and regaling the boys in the back room with his experiences. At the end of each day the bear staggered his way homeward singing Sweet Georgia Brown at the top of his voice, he would trip over

the threshold, lurch into the house and collapse in a heap. Thus terrifying his children, vexing his wife and causing his mother-in-law to mutter darkly and sing hymns for deliverance.

Moral: To be hung up, or not to be hung over — that is the question.

—Dorothy Palmer '70

Sam's Trio

"God has made me, this I know
(well at least I hope it's so)
if we're made like Him above,
Then He'll give us ALL His love!
But if He comes in the shape
of a Dodo
we're in for one hell of a time"

"DANGER
Gorilla at large
He'll eat you and tear you to pieces
PIECES BLOODY PIECES!!!
He's hairy and he's DIRTY
The Ignorant BEAST STINKS!!
darwin"

"christ as the lonesome cowboy
who rides into town on a bareback mule
kicks the Yellow-Bellied Tinhorns
out of the longbranch . . .
well WHY do you think we made him sheriff?"

—John Seagrave '69

EVEN FOR SEVEN

He was a small boy, small even for seven and he looked three years younger than he really was. Strangers would turn to look at him, the tiny, almost perfect features, the deep blue eyes and the blonde curls, and then the evil in him would come out as almost a visible exudation and they would turn away, their own eyes full of fear and their breath coming hard through their teeth. His mother, who was still young and pretty, feared him.

But why? He was her own son, flesh of my flesh, and Jim was his father — wasn't he? There was just that one time — she shuddered thinking about it, if Jim would ever find out — at that party with that man with the deep blue eyes, who had praised her blonde hair and called one of the Chosen People. There was just that once and there had been too much to drink; she had fought with Jim over something and they had forgotten about it the next day. She prayed that he would never find out. Something she had done out of spite, out of liquor and hate — and those deep blue eyes and the phrase "Chosen People."

"I don't want to go to Aunt Ellen's, Mother," he said flatly. They were standing in an airport and there was a crowd all around them.

"David, we're going to Aunt Ellen's. It's the holiday, David."

"I don't like Aunt Ellen and she doesn't like me. I'm not going."

"David, we're going to Aunt Ellen's. We have our tickets and we are going."

"She prays too much, Mother, and she doesn't like me."

"Please, David, I have a headache."

"I'm sorry you have a headache, Mother. Perhaps we should not fly today."

"I'll take an aspirin," she said. "Would you like to have an ice cream before the plane ride? We still have time."

"No!" His voice was hard and flat and his eyes glared at her. She shuddered instinctively.

"David." She matched his tone with her own, then fell back momentarily under his eyes, flashing hate at her. Suddenly he turned and ran from her.

"David!" she called, then ran after him as he ducked under the turnstile, ran out onto the observation platform. She fumbled in her purse for a dime, followed him out to the platform.

"Look at the airplanes, Mother," he said and his voice was soft and gentle. The anger slipped away from her: he was only a small boy.

"Yes, David," she said, "they're beautiful, aren't they?"

"Yes, and they're all mine."

"No, David, they're not yours. But we can come and look at them when you want to."

"No, Mother," his voice was suddenly hard and flat again. "They're mine."

"Yes, David," she said. "Look at that airplane there." She pointed across the airfield to the runway where a giant aircraft was preparing to take off. Even half a mile from it they could hear the scream of its great engines.

"You don't believe me," he said.

"Yes, David, I believe you." The great aircraft began to move, faster and faster down the long runway. She gasped at its power and size.

"No you don't," he said. "I'll show you, Mother." He pointed across the field to the airplane, its wheels just beginning to lift off the ground. "Blow up!" he screamed. "Blow up! I command you!" She turned in horror at his words and he smiled at her.

The sky lit up in a great red burst of flame and smoke, a giant ball of fire that engulfed the airplane and the whole area around it. Then, even as the flame was going back in on itself, came the sound that shattered glass and eardrums, had men losing their sanity. And with it came a hail of metal and glass, bodies and pieces of bodies.

They were the only ones still standing on the platform. All around them people lay dead or dying and across the field small pieces of smoking metal lay around a great oily fire.

Her eyes turned to him, toward the small humorless smile. "My God!" she gasped, "My God."

"That's fairly correct, Mother," he said. "We're not going to Aunt Ellen's are we, Mother?"

"No." She almost screamed it.

"Fine, Mother. I knew you'd understand." He turned and she followed him from the airport.

—William Earls '72

Sammy's Sea

Clear and pure
with no white caps
to mar his eye's view
The sea lives under a
reflective moon
and soon
Somewhere far beyond
the shore
a wave is born.
And starts its
ecstatic trip
towards the edge.
This he knows
for it is his wave
he need not engrave
his name
for in this night
all nature knows
to whom the wave
belongs

Standing on the shore
with no more
than a moment's thought

smiling faintly at the
distance
without an instant's
hesitation . . .

he slips into his world
completely at home;
his board beneath
his body
Paddling noiselessly
meeting his wave
half-way

a mile measured by distance
an hour measured by time
muscles tense as the wave comes into view
sea and sky mesh
for but an instant

and he is part of it all . . .

—M. Eileen Petrowicz '72

"Of dull heads . . ."

and the dull brown head on the cerise knit
clicketed by with a shopping cart
Squeaks and squeals and squirts of sound
all around

Buildings burning
and autumn turning the same shades
Cars crashing
and metal mashing where
Steel soldiers
smoulder on far fields
and the dull brown head on the cerise knit
clacketed by with a shopping cart.

—Susan Lozoraitis '69

Erosion

*Left of my love is the autumn leaves
that drop*

*one
by
one—*

*slowly gliding to the bottom—
until all that remains is the
erosion of a once beautiful thing.*

—Nancy Mokrzecki '70

Asylum #103

??? awaits the victim of earth torture
without disgust.
alley life on remains ends with
distended pleasure. vaccine against
ignorance failed as tainted parasites
usurped the maturing youth.

—Robert Dufney '69

BARBARA

I looked at you as you splashed like a child, your teeth
 flashed as you laughed, and you were the center of a
 wonderful fountain

 But you never looked at me.

I knew I wanted you when I saw you cry — one solitary tear
 hung on your cheek and because you were proud, you let
 no more come, because you were warm you let the one fall
 And you never noticed me,

I loved you when you smiled and your mouth was a warm, red
 cave, your hair fell like some kind of a warm, brown glow,
 you laughed again and sounded like a happy angel
 And all you said was "Hi."

I adored you when you touched my cheek that one time, your
 fingers warm on me and the whole world as calm as early
 morning
 And you turned and walked away.

I cried for you when your back was turned and through my tears
 you shimmered out of sight
 And never looked back, not once.

—William Earls '72

Pieces of Nine

(Due to Inflation)

If you eat pumpernickel you'll be well-bread.
Fat is very disfiguring to the body.
You may look like an innocent little lamb — but underneath
is the real ewe.
If it's mind over matter, then all that matters is your mind.
Sonny got his fair Cher.

Dolphins have a porpoise in life.
Then there's the padded bra for the girl who has nothing.
A very protective mother gives her daughter's hand in marriage
and keeps the rest of her at home.

Did you hear about the big-busted photographer who never
stopped developing?
She's a very agreeable person — when she's alone.
The first rule for dating football players — Learn how to
intercept passes.

There once was a man who went to a masquerade party as a
donkey and made an ass of himself.
That pornographic book was so sick that even the appendix
had to come out!

Her mouth is so big that the 7 minute cigarette lasts only 3½.
There are many misconceptions about birth control.
Chicken has a fowl odor. (Now THAT'S a chicken joke!)

—Mary Haggard '70

EPISTLE TO DORIS

*sunshine stole away
slid over horizons
in red splendor
so did i
ambling into a walter mitty world
of my own
singing of all the garbage
oh! great wanderer
oh! the lonely
respectfully sing
of beautiful virgins
in snow worlds queens
antithesis of the roller derby world
of week-end prince charmings
all child-like wonder
the noise repelled small children
and me . . .
sunshine will meet tomorrow
and through rose tint
i will behold
trucks bringing fruit to market
the eventual
collection of old men
on park benches
oh! slow yawn
trudge to rest
dark oh maiden street lights
i will fade
in time . . .*

—John Seagrave '69

Sunset at the Seacoast

The silent sunset
... the blushing sky, the golden sea
And darkened shore ... tranquility
The colors change
Soft pinks fade to gold
And then to sat'ny gray ... harmony—
To all I am guest.
Crash, crash come thunderclaps,
With might, they gore and gash the ruptured sky;
The bursting sky falls in collapse,
Hell breaks forth with this outcry—
Crash, Crash! both time and world relapse
To its beginning start, and all men die.

—Richard Rogers '72

The Lighthouse

Alone it stands in the misty midst
Of gray-blanketed seas strong against the willful storms,
A single lighthouse in swirling, nebulous
Mists which attempt to slowly extinguish
This tiny unquenched spark an ever-present beacon.

But still it stands a light flickering through
The dark murkiness beclouded with gloom,
A reliable, proven guide directing wandering ships away
From the threatening doom— of shrouded, treacherous shoals.
It points out the course— for safe voyage and secure
Passage in troubled sea between the ports of call,
To a calm and tranquil berth— in that luxurious harbour.

—Richard Rogers '72

The Seagull

There's pearls and diamonds in the sand
And glist'ning seagulls on the strand;
The summer sun shines ev'rywhere,
while salty breezes fill the air.
When she is there, the vision's gone—
Her beauty breaks forth like the dawn
Effacing all the seaside land,
While I, the gull, watch from the strand.

—Richard Rogers '72

The Promise at Nazareth

*All I said was yes . . .
Spontaneously, the snow-white crystals
at my feet
Blinded my starry-eyed vision
In lustrous purity and reassurance.
The happy covenant of fertility and hope,
Metamorphosed in catholic echoes,
Chimed sweetly, harmoniously, from
the gurgling brook by the way.
He reached up and pulled down
a budding branch
And gave it to me as a token, symbolic
unforgettable.
The votive candles we lit together
blazed violently in the
darkness, spitefully, significantly.
To consummate the moment,
In cosmic politeness,
The wise old moon stepped forth
from beneath its mattress
Smiled pleasant acknowledgement
and returned quickly to its affair.
Cool air rushed gently into the grotto
breathing throughout,
Enwrapping vibrations of blessed blissfulness.
Such a splendid garment
Such a priceless gift.
In silent meditation
Our prayer spoke clamorously and
in one voice
So easily said, at such little cost
The decision had been long, so long
yet patiently awaited,
greeted lovingly, ecstatically, voraciously
Who was to know a three letter
word could be so deep,
so intensely therapeutic
Tonight is the spring,
purgation and rebirth of my world.*

—Kathleen Donohue '70

haiku #1

Life — a mixture
of many things — good, bad:
bitter but sweet.

*

expectant — waiting —
nothing on the horizon
appears . . . loneliness

*

empty silence:
room thick with dust, age:
. . . lingering memories . . .

*

webbed gossamer threads
full of prey — spider near —
who is dying?

*

quiet acceptance . . .
a fragrant, simple bloom—
a rose nears death.

—Deborah Steinmetz '70

haiku #2

again comes spring
bringing green buds, warm rains:
new hopes and loves

*

tiger striped kitten
clawing a key swaying on
a string's free end — youth.

*

weeds enmeshed among
green blades, budding flowers—
spring in bloom . . .

*

wet spotted grey stone
dry white in summer's warmth
now weary of spring rain.

*

along a length of grass
beaded drops clinging follicles—
. . . six o'clock . . . dawn . . .

—Deborah Steinmetz '70

Saying it again

mommy

a little boy cries out
 it's dark in here
 no windows
 in Auschwitz
 in Berlin
 in Biafra
 in Czechoslovakia
 in Harlem
 in Saigon

but this little boy has
only been taken by his
mother into the corner john of
the ladies' room of the library

and this is

 in America
 where the light is.

—Susan Lozoraitis '69

RiCe Crispies

Under my feet
 are the
 crumbs of hunger
 stolen from the
 children of living death.
 QUACK! QUACK!

—Robert Dufney '69

"there"

lesbian force of a sister-love
but unperversion

if you know what i mean

a love so strong
that

summer crickets and frogs
couldn't coax it away.

—Susan Lozoraitis '69

the QUEEN

 bells upon stems
 deliver mysterious open eyes.
 damp webs cover her
 appendages of no flesh.
 as companions without number
 accept her non-love.

—Robert Dufney '69

The Masochist

With utter despair I stand and watch the world
Thinking of what it is and what it might have been.
It is now a fanatical masochist delving into the pleasures
Of self inflicted pain, writhing with delight,
torturing itself with murder, yet relishing
All the gory, gruesome details.

It joyfully punishes itself with morals, convenient
Instruments for its happy afflictions of guilt which
It hastily discards before they can contaminate their
Hiding bashful souls. Those concealed souls, long since lost,
Peep out on sunny Sunday mornings like fragile
And delicate flowers.

It plays with corruption. Corruption is a mild game
played by the fearful who lack courageous spirit . . .
A lighted match on which the loser scorches,
To the glee of all, his short plump fingers.
With utter despair I stand and watch the world
Thinking of what it is and what it might become.

—Richard Rogers '72

Memory?

I . . . cannot forget
But neither really, can I remember
. . . and still stay whole in mind
Always will it be with me
 and always will I feel it there . . .
Not in my broken body
 or my brain
As a definite shape and form
But as a crazy, twisted jumble
 of noise and terror
A crazy, wild riot, a mad, insane nightmare
 of muddled, meaningless nothings
 a hysterical, raving cacaphony
 and wilderness of color and blackness.
More than that,
 I know not
Nor can I remember
Definite shapes or forms
 or when or where
 or why
But . . . neither, really, can I forget.

—William Earls '72

now,
afraid,
trembling:
 this odious thought—
 I am not God.
nothing
 I say will unperish
nothing
 I do will unremain:
 my very image—
 borrowed, imitation—
 my only substance:
 an unseen soul.
—Deborah Steinmetz '70

Patriot Raga

—hum dah DAH dah—

let us All go
rise up
and we'll leave
walking hand in hand

painted in RED
WHITE and BLUE
shaved completely
clean as well as
next to god
all naked provided
with loin cloths
bandillaros
RED WHITE and BLUE

polished metal
well oiled
clean—serviced
by devote and divine

circle your wagons
WHITE wagons
protect from
RED indians
savage hordes
shot down
in a BLOOD
RED massacre

in the voting booth
remember
the father
of your country
remember
the eagle
always free
remember
starvation
caused by industry

OH FATHER
WATCH OVER ME
protect my goods
my ownership

All Light and Power
in the night shine
statue of liberty painted
fluorescence
remember
statues hospitals

SAVIOR
your people wait
SO PATIENTLY

—hum dah DAH dah—
the Tabla slows
to a heartbeat pace,
and stops . . .

—John Seagrave '69

Type Casting for Fun and Profit

Jim Dandy goes a-walking 'round
looking for a woman
who will warm him for awhile
a night a day an hour
or the length of a glance
a smile a wink
Phoebe Bartlette was converted
for her dear departed kin
she grieves because they
were not baptised in this life
for a day or an hour but
the infinite length
of eternal sleep
Damned Jehovah walks around
a place to find in pacing down
the steps from earth
to where it's at and like I said
the figures swell
proportionately faking hell.

—John Seagrave '69

Dictionary of 1767

mildewed pages torn by wear
reveal lies of accepted realism.
centuries of belief are broken
down to questioned truth, as
reign of terror #2 withers countries
into anarchies.
the cloudy lips have moved but
are closed by the wind of eternity.

—Robert Dufney '69

Bar Fight

I closed my hand around a roll of nickles,
Watched as he came charging in, bellowing like a wounded bull.
I touched the back of my hand with my tongue.
It was salty and damp with sweat.
My other hand was tight on the rim of the bar,
And my knuckles showed white against the dark wood.
My fist caught him squarely on the mouth:
And I felt my knuckles rip and tear,
But even so I felt the teeth cave and snap.
Then he was falling past and away from me,
My fist following as he went down
He rose quickly and as he did—
 seconds before my fist smashed him again
 and put him down for good
 (for as you know, I broke his neck:
 I did not know I was that strong)—
I noticed that his mouth was full of blood.

—William Earls '72

progress
aggress
directionally the same
foreward marching
 but where?
progressive
 con or de-structive
 or merely instructive?
aggressive
 of — or de-fensive
 or merely fencing?

—Deborah Steinmetz '70

Thoughts of, while painting a barn

sanding all the morning, and watching the day grow from
breezy cool

and almost sun shower, where the drops died
before they reached the earth . . . fortunately
waves of wood . . . grains scraped until bare
white wood, and i am drenching it with red, cleaning it
having sanded the white race clean, but remains in little grooves,
or holes dug deep in the oak . . . hypocrisy, tears, hate,
indifference

lost people even with all the years past they have had
to love

or learn to if they couldn't
i am sure someone tried to teach them once perhaps not
what can i do

love and leave something with them
to imitate
or despise,
at least to think about
good luck to me.

—Susan Lozoraitis '69

SONG:

epistle from dead aged

It was the brave young Gypsy-boy
who wandered into Murphy's

He politely requested brandy
and a piece of apple pie

He raised his harp

He sang his song that bleak
December evening

I remember dark eyes burning

Recall it like today

The smooth sound of his voice
was like the worn floorboards
below us

Polished by old Murphy's spouse
each early Monday morn . . .

Shiny like a glass of ale
which I hold up before me

As he closed his eyes

And sang his song

My dear departed mother
stood beside the big black oven
The fragrance of her new baked bread
could fill your very soul

The snow and cold of winter

were dismissed by her warm fire
Sit down and relax, my friend,

Blow that runny nose

The fire has longed turned to ashes
there in Murphy's Tavern

The Gypsy-boy has long since gone his way
But sometimes in the darkness

I recall the cozy evenings

and the warmth

Of all my younger days . . .

—John Seagrave '69

HEAD office (apply here)

An exciting place to work
 . . . and to live.
You'll receive many fringe
benefits . . . including
free tickets to foreign films—
leaving the office will not be
necessary to enjoy pleasant living
conditions, cultural advantages,
and recreational opPOTunities.

—Robert Dufney '69

More Than Meets The Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

- Sextet** — six dirty old men.
Snow White — a nymphomaniac with a passion for short men.
Minimum — a short mother.
Heralayans — female Himalayans.
Grasshopper — one who keeps changing his brand of marijuana.
Stalemate — when a woman gets tired of her husband.
Irony — buying an air conditioner and then sweating to pay for it.
Drill team — bunch of dentists.
Black-eyed peas — regular peas that have been in a fight.
Gourmut — connoisseur of dog food.
Catholic sex education — Fascinatin' Rhythm.

— Mary Haggar '70

Petal-Pushers

Pollen — Pollen falling.
TULIP maidens encircle
the holy bag.
Their uplifted leaves reveal
plantlike nakedness while
the sexless savior eliminates
their virginity . . .

—Robert Dufney '69

On Civil Disobedience — Columbia

Hands that held no hammer strangled Muse;
On Morningside Heights, ghetto sweat
Drifts up to Columbia — and fools who use
Thoreau and Locke — and otherwise forget—
What else they dared and wrote and hoped
To justify the looting, burning there,
The smashing down of hands that groped
For Truth (beaten dead in the smoky air).
Rudd is God, and a ten year dream is burned,
Winged Victory raped, and hate drowns out her cries,
The desks, the chairs, the tables overturned,
A great school stops, the lion moans and dies.

Henry, was this really what you meant,
Thinking men have no need of government?

—William Earls '72

devoid of any feeling
because I want you here
and you are not—
the empty space leaps
and a car, gleaming white,
goes by — it is like yours but
it isn't yours;
the pit returns to its place
and my dither is, once again,
a gnawing longing—
a hunger to see your
face, to hear your
voice, to kiss your
lips. gleaming white
cars go by now and then . . .
it seems there are too many.

—Deborah Steinmetz '70

old

i chose
 a hill
 a tree
 a swamp
 a cloud
 a rock
and borrowed
 a grasshopper
 from someone else's dream
building
 an illusionistic utopia
 lacking in ideological value
 — but mine —
these things
 i fearfully
 but proudly showed you
 telling you
 of my child-like self
 offering you my escape
too late
too late
 you have realized your fate
 captured by vinegar bait
i chose
 a hill
 a tree
 a swamp
 a cloud
 a rock
and borrowed a grasshopper
from someone else's dream.

—M. Eileen Petrowicz '72

Crumpleton

*Miserable crumpleton
Lying at my feet
Pray, what makes
My crumpleton complete
A little less wine
And a lot more song
No women at all
And we'll get along
Laughter and cynicism
Will go hand in hand
Making compassion
Something you won't understand
Stay with me now
Go 'way in an hour
Leave me to half-thoughts
And a perfumed shower
Crumble, my crumpleton
Into common dust
Cry not too long
Or your face will rust
Like not what you see
Care not what you feel
Whisper but diamonds
Imitation or real
Miserable crumpleton
Lying at my feet
Pray, what makes
My crumpleton complete.*

—M. Eileen Petrowicz '72

Sunset

The air is cool as the purple clouds
Close in on the surrounding countryside.
The giant cyclops prepares to close
His fierce, fiery, red eye and retire.
With the rest of the world.
Shades of yellow and orange mingle
With the on-come of darkness.
A picture of calmness and silence
And peace . . . but listen closely—
In the distance you can hear the blast of bombs.
Lie still in the muddy trenches—
You can hear the rattling of machine guns;
Deception in the night. Reach into
The endless sky for courage. Lie
Close to the earth or be killed.

Clouds are few now. The gray sky is
Clear. Look into blackness, and that is what you'll see.
Long and quiet nights are few. Dawn arrives and
Cyclops opens his eye again. Another day.
And another night to come.

—Patricia Dolen '71

Memoriam

*Summers come, but they always leave
And forsake us to the cold.
It's nature; But does anyone
Really understand why?*

*I've stood at this place so many times
Where grass and snow quilt the earth;
And below this spot, walled in dirt,
A life-less figure lies.*

*I've touched the stone that bears his name,
A symbol of his life.
But a stone with a name means little
To the ones who loved him best.*

*I've placed his favorite flowers
By his head to show my love.
But roses can mean nothing
To a body that is dead.*

*I've asked myself a thousand times
Why he had to leave.
He was my guidepost through the years
And taught me what I knew
Of life and its meaning.
I never understood
What a meaning without life could be.*

*So when I learn to accept
That no answer will ever come—
That day I can look to the world
As the woman he'd want me to be.
A daughter's love for her father is very special.
No one can take his place.
And when he leaves his earthly home,
He leaves with her his love.*

—Patricia Dolen '71

